

The sacred and the scared align and
Call on me to break the ballerina's spine.
My heart has fallen where he lands, when
He lands.

The sound of every word you said hit
Like a wave of infra red, I'd really like
To stay but I've got to go home, alone.
Summer came and summer went while
We contrived to re-invent the scene serene.
The sound of every word you said hit
Like a wave of infra red, I'd really like to
Stay

Frosted glass the window stains your
Face and shattered ice becomes kaleidoscopes
Of color, taste and sound and turns the
Ground into the liquid of the sea, the
Liquid friction of the see-saw swaying,
Drugged among the shards of splintered
Snow to where the ultraviolet rays stain
The whiteness of your skin where wheels
Of white light shine and spin towards the
Essence of the end, then re-beginning
In slow-motion, slow-motion